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AGRICULTURE.

SOW RYE.

We are careless—we do not like to take the trouble always of doing even a good thing. We think we will do it, and we calculate upon it. But the time comes—and passes—and a good has slipped from our hands. The regular work of the farm is not so apt to be neglected—only the outside or incidental.

We have said thus much on a topic that is too often neglected by our farmers, namely, the sowing of rye for pasture and turning down in the spring. This is an advantage the farmer has which is of the highest importance. Our stock needs care. Does it not need it more in winter than in summer? What then so fine as a green field, reserved especially for its use—sweet, fresh, succulent pasture? Rye, the hardy, the thrifty, will do it. Sow on almost any soil; but best on a deep, rich, the coating of the grain keeping it warm, and the depths of fertility aiding the warmth.

Rye is a coarse, thrifty grower—just the thing for the cold, rough winter; and it will stand the severest of weather. Always green; always fresh! How fine does it show when the early snows leave it thawed by the sun and the south wind! Then it has an eye as fresh as the summer grain when a shower radiates the earth. This is enticing to stock. How their eyes will brighten! what pleasure! what benefit! for there is always something to be considered in the pleasure, the enjoyment of a brute. On this grass they will feed as in summer—and be benefitted accordingly.

Then, this turf, this felt, as we may call it, is a safe coat, a sure protection, not only against frost, but it holds the soil, so that it cannot wash. cannot be carried away, which is so aptly the case, if exposed. The truth is, we should let no ground remain bare during the winter. It is sure to receive hurt if we do. Grass is a protection; so is wheat. But all hoed crops on hilly land should have a coat of rye, if nothing else. After potatoes, it can be sowed in good time. On corn ground sow between the rows, and run the cultivator through. This should be done when the corn begins to be glazed, or with the last working of the soil.

We thus secure pasture for our stock; we save the land from washing; and, most of all (if that is possible), we have a means, most ready and agreeable, of manuring our land.—We need but turn under this green crop, with all its wealth of roots and stem—a wealth that has been obtained largely from the atmosphere. We shall see how friable the soil is—how full of life. Or, if a crop is desired, let it grow, and you will have an early feed for hogs, and domestic purposes, at a time when feed is apt to be scarce.

The white variety is best when the crop is intended for flour. It forms, when mixed with corn, a sweet, palatable bread. There is an aroma in rye that is not found in any other of the cereals. But it must be used unbolted, as the husk contains the aroma.

Sow thick—three bushels to the acre—and do not pasture too close in the fall if you wish winter feed. The best way is to set a lot apart for that purpose.

CURE YOUR HAY.

Have people cured instead of dried their hay? It is the old evil too much continued to dry hay—as though it would keep dry. Put in the mow, and in a few days it will be undergoing a sweating process. It will thus be seen, that “drying” hay does not dry it, much less cure it. The sweating operation it has got to undergo, whether in the cock or in the barn. Is it not better to have it in the cock? There the moisture readily goes off into the atmosphere; while in the mow it is confined, and takes a long time to escape; and hence, this long continuance of moisture will hurt hay. It is therefore that we find dust and a musty smell in most hay. The exceptions are where hay is ripe.

Cure in the cock. Three or four days will do it. Mow when the dew is off, and leave exposed several hours if the weather is hot; if less warm, keep spread for half a day. It will then be thoroughly wilted—no wet must be visible. Throw into small cocks. When cured, pitch over to the air for an hour or so, or in with it at once: your hay is cured, and will not sweat in the mow. The moisture—or what is apparent such—is but the juices of the hay—and in such condition that they will keep. This is so with tender hay, cut when in blossom or before, especially with clover. Timothy may be more mature—say in full blossom—for Timothy advances towards ripeness after it is cut.

SELLING PRODUCE.

This is the subject of the greatest interest to the farmer. Of course he does his labor to this end—to sell his produce. If he raises a large crop, and sells it for a small figure, he makes but little—sometimes loses, even if a large amount is raised, as it costs him the same labor to raise a cheap crop as a high-priced. It is these low prices that are ruinous. We have had instances of this—all of us—to our full satisfaction. What was grain worth in the West a few years ago—particularly corn? The farmers were the sufferers; lost their land, some of them—and yet there was an abundance of grain; they raised the usual amount; many of them a superior amount. Then take a year or two back, and how was it? From almost nothing, to the highest price—and that a highly remunerative one for even the Eastern states. Never was the West so flush, though there never was such a scarcity of labor. It was the high price that made the West we may say. And there is, we are glad to say, no prospect that the old stagnation will soon return again—perhaps never. Extraordinary circumstances alone can induce it.

But there is something, aside from the general market, that affects the farmer. Farmers do not all sell at the same figure. There is always some difference in the price realized. One farmer sells for a few pennies more than another. One sells at a good figure; another,

by holding on, realizes but half or two-thirds the amount, and vice versa. It is difficult at all times to know—in fact, it may be said, it is not known. A few, who have the advantages of comprehensive foresight, may know. But these often fail. It is therefore an uncertain thing, especially to the general farmer.

What then are we to do?

There are two ways. One, to sell at once. The other, to hold on. On the whole, we believe the weight of evidence is in favor of selling as soon as ready for market. If no other, these are the reasons: Grain will lose in weight if held over. The mice, rats and insects will prey upon it. There is the accident of fire, and many other casualties to which our produce is subject. It is also easier to take to market while you are handling your grain. Instead of stowing it away in your granary, or carrying it to your grain room, devote that labor to carrying it to market—and, there is no more risk after that—you are relieved, and that from a considerable load of care and anxiety, which, otherwise, is an ever-present thing, annoying you exceedingly.

But sell at once, and you have your money in your hand at once. You have the interest on it, instead of the mice eating it up; not only the interest, but part of the principal. As to the price you get, it will be the same in the long run, as though you held on.

Another thing—and this should be observed, not only in selling produce, but in the general concerns of the farm. We mean, have an eye out to what your most successful, most intelligent farmers do. If there is anything known about the prospect of prices, these men know it. Do not think you know more than they. Do not run risks. Do not depend upon guesses. If you hold over for a higher price, what reason have you for it? You may see something to favor you; but that may be only a near view. Others, more discriminating than you, certainly see farther. They may see the remote, as well as the nearer, effect. They have therefore the advantage of you—as they have in all that pertains to farming. If they are successful, follow in their path, and you will be successful—at least more so than if you followed in a less successful one. It is good always to follow a good example. See then when your sharp-sighted farmers sell their grain. It generally is as soon as they get it ready.

TURNIPS AMONG CORN.—The practice of sowing turnips among Indian corn, at the last hoeing, and especially where the latter has been thinned by worms and other insects, is one which can not be too urgently recommended. The turnip is a vegetable which requires less assistance from solar light during the incipient stages of its development, than almost any plant in the whole catalogue of edibles; consequently, it is but slightly injured by the foliage of the corn plants, or the closeness of the atmosphere thus created. After the corn crop is harvested, and before frost there will be ample time for them to root, especially if the soil be well cultivated. Hundreds of bushels of excellent turnips may frequently be grown in this way without any appreciable diminution of the corn crop.—[German town Telegraph.]

SUB-SOILING.

One thing the West is sadly deficient in—and that is, sub-soiling. How many sub-soil plows, or sub-soil attachments, do we find? And yet our ground is eminently calculated for under-stirring, for developing the hidden and dormant richness. There is no difficulty to sub-soil in the West. And here is where it pays. But it is so hard to begin! In fact how shall we begin? We answer, by simply ordering a plow, and going to work. The expense is not great—the trouble is not much. But it is so difficult to start! Loose deeply your soil, and it will be almost as good as new. With manure in addition, it will be better. Sub-soiling will drain, in a measure, your land; it will let the air down further to ameliorate the ground; it will give the roots a chance to extend themselves; it will do just what those who have tried it know it does—benefit them greatly, so that the sub-soil plow becomes an indispensable implement in farming.

It will not take many years, before sub-soiling will be practiced here extensively. Why not avail ourselves at once of the benefit.

RED TOP.

(*Agrostis vulgaris*.)

IN ANSWER TO A CORRESPONDENT.

This grass varies in quality and growth in different places. It grows rank in moist, rich loams. It is better for hay than for pasture; better for cattle than horses as hay. It does not easily run out; and is a good grass to mix with other grasses. But it should always, like the orchard grass, be fed close, else, like that, it will get hard and wiry. It is treated much like other grasses in cultivating; and we presume the seed can be had at the seed stores. We however prefer Timothy or clover to red-top, unless in moist ground where clover will not do. The best way is to mix the different seeds; it will make a denser, surer pasturage. There is much variety as to the amount of seed sown to the acre—ranging from a peck to two bushels. It is safer to apply plentifully.

SEE TO YOUR SHEEP.

That they have salt in the trough, always when they want it; and under this salt put tar. Thus the sheep, in eating salt, will get his nose smeared with tar—just what he wants to keep off the gad-fly, which so annoys sheep in summer, depositing its eggs in their nostrils, where they are at once hatched, and crawl up into the head among the sinuses, where they attach themselves—there to remain till the next spring.

You can readily tell when sheep are annoyed by this pest. They will gather, says Randall, “in dense clumps, with their heads turned inward, and their noses held down to the ground. If driven away, they run without raising their heads, or rapidly thrust them down again, as if they had some very urgent motive for retaining them in that position. Occasionally they stamp or strike violently with their fore-feet near their noses, as if an enemy, invisible to the spectator, were assailing them at that point.”

AGRICULTURAL MATTERS.

ED. RURAL WORLD: The Rural World, for July 1st, is before me, filled as usual with interesting and important matter. Your remarks on "renewal of subscriptions," remind me that I am in arrears at your office. Enclosed, please find balance due on subscription for the present year.

We look forward to the semi-monthly visits of the Rural World with a great deal of pleasure. Indeed, we would not be without it for twice the subscription price; still I am no farmer—have only a small fruit and vegetable garden, yet I glean a great deal of information, even on those subjects, from your valuable journal.

If I were farming or raising stock, I certainly would not be without the Rural World, or some other equally valuable agricultural paper. Some farmers, however, are opposed to patronizing such publications, and are content to plod along after the "old fog" system of their predecessors; while others, not satisfied with this, have caught the progressive spirit of the age, and are availing themselves of all useful hints and suggestions, found only in agricultural journals. These profit by the experience of others in farming, selecting and raising stock, &c., and take advantage offered by improved agricultural implements. By so doing, they save time, labor and many times disappointment, and in the end realize a much more ample reward.

I am surprised at the carelessness of many farmers, and their apparent indifference in reference to fruit, shade and ornamental trees, shrubbery, &c. They require but little care and attention, comparatively, and add so much to the comforts, pleasures and attractions of home; and I must say, Mr. Editor, that there is much taste or refinement in the man, it will manifest itself in the little conveniences, comforts and adornments of the homestead.

There are men in Missouri, perhaps, who have been staying (not living) on the same cheerless spot for twenty years, farming after the "old way," with not a fruit or shade tree to be found on the premises, unless it be some spontaneous growth or worthless seedling, raised from a stray seed or pit, brought from a neighboring orchard or dooryard. If they would eat more fruits and vegetables, and less gross meats, they would enjoy better health, and consequently possess more cheerful spirits, and more amiable dispositions, and per consequence, be less blood-thirsty, vindictive and revengeful. Besides all this, there is no pleasure like that of eating one's own ripe, fresh fruits from his own tree or vine, planted and trained by his own hand. There is something personal in all this, that clothes it with unusual interest, and it takes but a short time for a man to begin to realize the "first fruits" of his labor.

Four years ago I planted a few apple trees in new ground; the following spring I set some more apple trees, and a few pear, peach, plum and cherry trees—some Houghton gooseberries, red and white Dutch and Victoria currants—one Catawba, one Virginia seedling, and two Concord grape vines, and other smaller fruits. I have continued to add others to them each spring. We have had plenty of gooseberries, and currants; some Early Richmond, May-duke, Reine Hortense and Donna Maria Cherries; some half-dozen apple trees are fruiting; also two pear trees (Bartlett standard, and Louisa Bonne de Jersey dwarf); two Lombard plum trees are quite full; and we shall have grapes, by the bushel this season.

This shows that a man may have all these luxuries, fresh from his own trees and vines, in a very short time. I have accomplished this under unfavorable circumstances; as I had no experience in such matters, and my means have been quite limited. My success is mainly attributable to the information gleaned from your excellent journal, and from the catalogues, essays and addresses of friend Hutmman, of Hermann, Missouri. I have been greatly assisted by you both, in the selection of varieties, pruning, training and culture generally, and I take this opportunity to express my thanks for the same.

The present season I am fruiting the following varieties of grapes, viz: Catawba, Hartford Prolific, Concord, Virginia Seedling, Taylor, Delaware, Union Village, Rebecca, and Early Northern Muscadine—all of which are doing well, and thus far none have shown any symptoms of mildew or rot, not even the fickle Catawba.

I am sorry to learn, through the Rural World, that the mildew and rot are making such havoc in so many vineyards. The grape growers of Missouri will have to discard, in a measure, the unhealthy varieties and plant such as are every way reliable. Yours truly, J. N. W. Macon, Mo., July, 1865.

The soil, by its weight, is constantly trying to form rock under in the sub-soil. It is the farmer's business to see that it don't do it. His plow and spade are the means to prevent it, but especially the sub-soil plow; that is the secret of success generally; but particularly is it the case with our compact soil in many parts of the State. Sub-soil plows are more needed by us than anything else.

HOW TO OBTAIN EGGS.

There is much in breed, in egg-laying qualities. But the most is in good treatment—making the hen at home. A crowded place will not do. Too many hens together is bad. Why? Because it interferes with tranquility. The points of success are: Warm quarters; roomy; clean; unmolested; plenty of food; a variety of feed, varied daily with animal food of some kind, it matters little what; water changed often; crushed bones, either burnt or otherwise; pulverized earth or spent ashes to wallow in; convenient roosts; quiet places to lay in; light; and as much cheerfulness as possible. Then select the breeds we have heretofore indicated. The Spanish are among the best of layers, and are almost anywhere to be found. But remember the good treatment; or dispense with hens for profit.

Flies on Horses and Oxen.

A correspondent of the New Haven Courier puts in a plea for horses and oxen:

"The annoyance of these summer pests to animals can be greatly mitigated by the use of a mixture one-third kerosene oil and two-thirds lard oil, applied to the legs of horses, oxen or cows, with a feather or brush, or what is better, but more objectionable to the applier, with the hands, rubbing it well in. A farmer in the neighborhood used it last summer on his oxen, having it applied twice a day on their going out to work—morning and noon. His cattle gained in flesh during fly time. I have used it on horses and two cows. Its benefit is immediately observable. A horse, uneasy, fretting and stamping, becomes, after the application, at once quiet. Those who sympathize with the noble animals in the constant teasing endured by them from these pests will be glad to use any harmless remedy which will spare incessant work when not called to labor in harness. Horses will keep better on a less supply of food for the repose thus obtained. Cows will give better and more milk from the rest that they will get from the use of this mixture. "While on this subject of relief to animals allow me to suggest to oxen and cow owners the use of a covering of crash, or bagging, or canvas, during the fly season. I consider that I am well repaid for the trifling expense of a cover on cows. In the south of Europe the use of covers for cows and oxen is almost universal."

From Correspondents—the Crops.

ED. RURAL WORLD: The wheat crop here (Fayetteville, Ill., July 8,) has fallen far short of our expectations. Large quantities are fearfully shrunken and shrivelled up. Many acres of white wheat were left standing in the field, not being worth the harvesting. My wheat is in somewhat better condition. Pure Mediterranean wheat is about an average yield.

The excessive quantity of rain that fell this spring, producing the rust, has been the cause of our injuries.

Corn generally planted rather late, and now, owing to the dryness of the soil in many places, appears rather poorly.

The countless myriads of chintz bugs, which left the stubble as soon as harvest was over, have made an attack, and are already destroying acres of our youngest corn. This pest, which seems to multiply every year, will, we are fearful, ere long, give no little trouble.

Yours, W. C.

ED. RURAL WORLD: The crops here (Shelbyville, Mo.,) are looking very well. A better prospect for corn than we have had for five years. Fruit crop a little short.

ED. RURAL WORLD: The crops here (Hamilin, Brown Co., Kansas, July 17,) are in the following condition: Fall wheat was hardly worth harvesting, being almost ruined by rust. Spring wheat not much better. Chinch-bug has destroyed all late crops. Corn looks very well, though rather late. Oats taking the rust badly.

Plow a little deeper every time you plow in the fall. That will fetch up the raw ground for the frost to prepare and mellow, and when thus acted upon, it is richer than the top-soil generally.

It is not the juices of hay, but the outside moisture that spoils it.

HEALS EATING EGGS.—Hens may be cured of eating their eggs, by blowing out the contents of an egg, and filling it with mustard, made into a paste. Make a hole in each end, and then blow the contents out, and when filled paste paper over the hole. One taste of the mustard effects a cure.

Death of "Vermont Hambletonian."

This celebrated stallion died on Sunday 18th, at the farm of J. H. Chapin, near Bennington, Vt., at the age of 18 years. He was descended directly on the part of sire and dam from imported Messenger, and his colts retain much of the game and lasting qualities of the thoroughbred. He was justly regarded among judges as one of the best stock horses as a sire of trotters in this country. His loss will be seriously felt among the breeders and farmers in Vermont, as his colts readily commanded the highest prices, even from ordinary dams. Indeed, so much have they been sought after, that there is scarcely one to be found of mature age that can be had for "love or money." Efforts are now being made to replace him by a promising son of his—which went West some years ago—and it is to be hoped the effort will be successful. [Country Gentleman.]

ON SELECTING CATTLE AS BREEDERS.—The Mark Lane Express has this advice: "Let breeders select dams that have size, plenty of milking properties, with ribs springing out of their loins, like a bullock that is shown for a prize, standing on short legs, wide and square made, regardless of registered improved sires, however numerous, attached to their pedigrees. Use only true, fine, purely bred bulls, descended from dams of note, wide, deep and compact made when matured, with hides that fill the hand, covered over with plenty of fine hair; animals naturally hardy in constitution—not so long as a barn in their middle, and high on the leg, with flat sides, nipped-in waist, and slack lions. Select the best of sires from bulls with undeniable pedigrees; no mixed upalloyed gentlemen full of cart horse blood, which give substance only in appearance, and that is not propagated in the stock. Avoid under-breeding in your bulls; cull, draft, and sell bad milking cows and doubtful bad breeders; stick to milk, to size, to robustness of constitution, and success must attend your efforts."

HAY CAPS.

Hay caps are an expense, to get now. Yet still it will pay, as the price of hay is high.

Take four yards of coarse sheeting; cut in two, and sew together. This will make six feet square. Sow the corners into loops, so as to pin fast to the cock. Pins should be a foot and a half long, with a hook at the head to hold the cloth. A little practice will soon make it handy to put them on. This will be sure to save your hay in the wet—and taken in connection with the high price of hay will pay the first year. As for the caps, they are good for many years.

Agricultural Items.

[Written for Colman's Rural World.]

TOP-DRESSING FOR WHEAT.—It is wonderful how much a top-dressing of old, rich manure will do for a wheat field when the soil is light or but moderately rich. The manure should be rotted, and thoroughly mixed with the soil by the harrow, and then the grain drilled; drilling in is better than sowing. If the weather is dry, the best farmers plow deep, and sow at once—sow on the moist soil which is brought up.

PASTURES RUN TO SEED.—Where grass gets the start of stock, it loses its fresh succulent quality, and much of its nutritive property. To obviate this, cut down all rank spots; or mow the whole field, if the evil is general. Mow close, and begin a new fresh crop. This is much neglected, but is very important.

BALING GREEN HAY.—Experiments have been made in packing green hay with entire success. The dew or rain is dried off, leaving the stalk still green, but wilted. The hay is then pressed in bales and stored away. It will come out in winter almost as fresh as it went in, losing comparatively but little in weight. Of course, this is an improvement upon the old method, as the juices of the grass are retained.

QUIET NECESSARY FOR MILCH COWS.—In new countries cows are apt to suffer in consequence of having too wide a range. They must be driven home too far. Chemistry has established that milk from cows driven long distances is lacking in the quality that makes cheese; that also makes muscle. Hence, when muscle is wasted by effort, milk must suffer in richness. We should confine our cows as much as possible to small bounds, and near the premises.

THE ANALYSIS OF SOIL.—There is much crying out against the analysis of soil. Why? Because it does not give the infinitesimal parts only the more palpable. Now, is this right? For these very soils, treated as directed, will produce largely—much more so than if not thus treated.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

RAIN.

Such a year for rain we have never known as 1865 has been thus far. More water has fallen during the present year, than in any three previous years in the same months we sincerely believe. Weeds as well as plants grow amazingly; but the difficulty is, the weeds too frequently smother the plants. At the present writing, July 20th, the rain is falling in torrents, and has been for several days past. The hay will be greatly damaged by the rain this year. Wheat, oats and barley must also suffer. We shall expect to hear that a great deal of wheat has grown in the shock and stack. Corn and potatoes are in their element. Look out for heavy yields. We have never known such a heavy yield of potatoes in this climate. They must be very cheap in the fall. It is a fine time for sowing turnip seed, and a big crop will doubtless be gathered. Hangarian is being sown the second time on the same ground, and the plants are making a fine showing already. It bids fair to be a splendid season for sowing Timothy, fall wheat and rye. If the ground can be found dry enough to plow, the seed will not be slow in germinating, unless the latter half of the year differs from the first half.

FAIR AT BELLEVILLE, ILL.—Our esteemed friend S. B. Chandler, of Belleville, well known for his devotion to the best interests of the St. Clair County Agricultural Fair, and the Illinois State Fair, will accept our thanks for complimentary tickets to both of said Fairs, and we hope to be present at both.

The Fair at Belleville will be held Sept. 12th to 15th, and the Ills. State Fair at Chicago, Sept. 4th to 9th.

Our Missouri and Illinois readers should take due notice, and govern themselves accordingly.

MADISON CO. (ILL.) AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.—The Fair of this Society will be held at Edwardsville, commencing on the 29th of August and continuing four days. A very creditable list of Premiums has been offered. We see that the premiums on cattle have been corrected. A distinction had been made in the list as published, between the Short Horns, Devons and Alderneys—the Short Horns receiving the highest premiums. As corrected, the Devons and Alderneys receive the same Premiums as Short Horns. This is right. Let each breed speak for itself. Show no distinctions when all breeds are good in their places.

BUDDING. (C. Brackney, McKissick's Grove, Iowa.) Bud when the bark loosens easily; large trees in July; small trees and shoots, if hardy, in August, or forepart of September.—Use this year's buds. Cut scions from upright shoots with well-developed buds, and clip the leaves at once, as they evaporate moisture and hurt vitality of bud. Cut off stock in spring six inches above bud. In June cut close.

THE YOUNG GARDENER'S ASSISTANT.—Our readers frequently ask us which is the best work on Gardening. We think we can say that the one bearing the above title is the best we are acquainted with. It has the merit of being written by a practical man and gardener—Thomas Bridgeman. It is not a difficult matter to tell when a work or an article is written by a man who understands what he is writing about—who gives his own practice and experience in the "directest way"—just as he has been in the habit of doing himself. The merit of this work is, it is practical. The style is clear and any one can follow the directions. The selections of fruit are for the East, and need considerable alterations for the West. The book is for sale by Keith & Woods, St. Louis, at \$2 per copy.

FAIRS IN MISSOURI.—We understand steps are being taken by several of our County Agricultural Societies to hold Fairs the present fall. We hope the officers of such societies will send us the time and place of holding them.



HORTICULTURAL.

PHILADELPHIA RASPBERRY.

By invitation of our friend, William Parry, we recently paid a visit to his fruit farm near Cinnaminson, New Jersey, with the object especially of seeing in their full season the celebrated Philadelphia Raspberry, and we must say, the vigor of the plants, and their productiveness, exceed any thing we had before seen. The quantity of the ground occupied in Raspberry culture alone is about eight acres, most of them with the Philadelphia variety. Other varieties had been extensively planted for market and plowed up, and there were some still growing and on trial, to test which was the most profitable for general culture. Growing side by side with the Philadelphia, and subjected to precisely the same treatment, the contrast in favor of the latter was most striking. W. P. intends also plowing them up, and confining himself entirely to the one kind. He had, just previous to our visit, engaged for next fall to two gentlemen \$1,000 worth of the plants, but it was very evident, that it is much more profit for him to plant out all his spare plants for fruit than to sell them; as each hill was averaging, at the time of our visit, three quarts each, and selling at the wholesale price 40 cents per quart. Six hundred quarts, for several days last week, were sent to Philadelphia market. On two days, 2,000 quarts were picked and sold. Being planted three feet apart, in rows, and the rows six feet apart, gives over 2000 hills to the acre; and calling it only \$1 per hill, instead of \$1 20, which was then being obtained, would make a product of over \$2,000 to each acre.

The Philadelphia Raspberry, (original plant,) was accidentally found growing wild in a wood near Philadelphia, about twenty-five years ago, was cultivated for fifteen years, and so highly prized that no plants were spared except to particular friends.

Its productiveness attracted such attention that a horticultural gentleman, paid \$100 for a few plants to cultivate from.

It appeared to us, in looking at William Parry's Raspberry plantation, that either for general market culture or for private gardens, the Philadelphia is the Raspberry. Some of the canes were pressed down to the ground with the weight of fruit. Pomological conventions classify fruits under the heads of "on trial," "promising well," and "recommended for general cultivation." The Philadelphia clearly now comes under the latter class for several reasons.

1st. It is very hardy, and does not require the slightest protection in the coldest winter.

2d. It is a very productive bearer, and a good, though not a very strong grower.

3d. It does not throw up many suckers, which are a great nuisance with the common Antwerp and some other kinds. It will be well to recollect also that this will be a sufficient reason why a demand for the plants may for some years keep ahead of the supply.

4th. The fruit is of a good color, (purplish red,) rather darker than the Antwerp, rich and juicy in quality, and is of firm flesh, so as to carry to market well.

5th. The canes are strong and firm, and do not require stakes. For these reasons, and because seeing is believing, we have no hesitation in recommending the Philadelphia as the best Raspberry now known. No other variety combines so many good qualities. The cultivation of Brinckle's Orange, Hornet, Hudson River, Antwerp, &c., involve the care of laying down every fall and covering with earth. Other kinds are objectionable, on account of suckering up and spreading over the ground, and also being so soft in texture as to mash down into a mass, in transportation to market, and also being uncertain bearers. The Philadelphia avoids all

these difficulties, and we recommend it for the private garden to all who want, without any trouble, a certain crop of delightful Raspberries; to mix with white sugar and rich cream for their tables; or for the market gardener, whose object is to realize large profits and quick sales.

We shall have an illustration of the Philadelphia Raspberry in a future number. We should also add that we saw it growing equally well both on light, sandy and heavy soil.—[Rural Advertiser.]

THE BLACKBERRY.

A fruit that will melt in your mouth—so ripe, so luscious, and so rich! And that sums it up. Need we go further? Yes. The blackberry is recommended by medical writers, and prescribed by physicians. It is, therefore, not only delightful, but beneficial—tempting you, yet doing you good. You can scarcely eat too many blackberries. Other fruit will not bear a surfeit. But the blackberry seems an exception. You can get cholera morbus by eating plums; get sick over strawberries, apples and other fruit—but blackberries—we have eaten them in quantities—always do, from the time we can get them, until the last one is regretfully gone—and the first ill-effect we have yet to experience.

There is nothing to us like this fruit—and that because we have thoroughly tested it. Strawberries are red—dark-red, pale-red; and so are raspberries; also, black, and yellow, and white. These sister berries are luscious, sweet, and aromatic. But give us the black Ethiop (twice black), glistening in the eye, hearty, inviting you. The strawberry is humble, and nestles away—a beautiful habit. But here you see beauty neck to neck with you, reaching to your very mouth.

Ah! to see them so thick, so fat, and so ripe! glistening!—glistening the black, all on a green stalk, among red (immature) fruit. There is poetry in a blackberry field, if there is any on earth. What paths through it! what overhanging branches! what stalks! A white bowl filled, round-full—and in the hands of beauty—beauty that picked them, with sister black-eyes perchance, and a heart and head to appreciate!

These are among rural things—and make the country a paradise: more than that—a quiet place to be in, by oneself—to worship and admire. How clean! how quiet! how bright! suggesting, oh, how strongly, the home out of sight, in the sky, somewhere, but a home—like this.

Does not a view like this, once in a while, benefit us? Is not life the better for having such spots to think of, to turn back to, another childhood, nearer? F.G.

FLAVOR IN FRUIT.

Large fruit should be arrested somewhat in its growth, so as to improve quality. The fruit, being large, can afford to be reduced, which indeed it ought to be for convenience. A little smaller makes a little better, by concentrating and more thoroughly maturing. It is the quality we are after, especially in large fruit, which is too often deficient in flavor and richness. Another thing: A well-limed soil will aid in producing quality—and a yearly coat of salt, of a few bushels to the acre, will still further improve—while these also add to the growth, seemingly without much injury to the excellence of the fruit. Pruning, summer pruning, is sometimes a sufficient check; putting in grass is another. Grass arrests, in a measure, the growth of trees, becoming as it were an ailment—always favorable to fruit, especially quality, while it is directly opposed to the formation of wood. Our finest fruit we have grown in an orchard which was almost constantly in grass, thus holding in check what would otherwise have been an unusual heavy growth, as the soil was rich and deeply mellow. Summer pruning aided us. In a light soil, moderately fertile, cultivation is necessary. Then apply lime and salt, and cover with mulch.

TOMATO VINES.—Clip them as you would raspberry or blackberry canes. They need cutting back to insure good fruit, plenty of it, and of fine flavor. Clip them one or two leaves above the fruit, and continue to keep down, as they are rank growers—and will give you more vines than fruit if you withhold the knife. Of course you have trained them.

DOMESTIC WINES.

Domestic wines, we may say, are a humbug! They are not only no wine (which the grape alone makes), but are hurtful to health—especially to weak stomachs and dyspeptics—though the contrary is generally held. "A little wine will do the debilitated system good." So it may if wine, having the quality of the grape, and the grape sugar fermentation. Domestic wines are necessarily made with foreign sugar—sugar not their own, nor the grape's. Still the people will drink these wines. They crave a beverage—and these "cordials" are better than "ardent spirits."

To make domestic wine, there are as many ways as there are fruits, and infinitely more—not from necessity—for there is only one general mode of making wine, viz., fermentation of the juice. This constitutes the whole. It is, therefore, an easy thing to make wine. But to make it to suit this or that taste, requires different treatment in the details. In all, sugar is the grand secret of fermentation, in which the oxygen throws out carbon, and gathers alcohol. A further change in the liquor produces other results. This is wine.

But there is a difference in the taste of people, which wants to be gratified—and hence different treatment of wine. Some prefer sweet wines; others want acid. Some the more solid; some the more lively. A water dilutes wine—and some prefer this. And so there is no end to the diversity of taste, to say nothing of the uncultivated state of taste.

We must, therefore, if we wish to make wine, acquaint ourselves with the principle of making it—and then make to suit taste. To make according to this or that receipt, is to make it according to the taste of the author of the receipt—and that may be a mere whim, gratifying vanity. To make it according to the established system, is to make it according to an established taste.

For the various fruits, the mode of making wine is not yet established, especially of most, of which the strawberry is one. Our correspondent at Colden, Ill., will understand us.

[Written for Colman's Rural World.]

THE TOAD.

The toad is the most abused of reptiles—and yet it is a good, innocent animal, doing the farmer and gardener real service. It lives on insects and larvae. At night it comes out of its hiding place, and goes in search of its food. It is true it hops but slowly along; but yet it destroys many a pestilent insect. It seizes its food with a quickness of tongue that does you good—that is unmatched. So quick is the motion, it is absolutely invisible. This fact has the toad; and it is well that it has, as it is otherwise so slow, and the insects so spry.

The toad truly is harmless, inoffensive. Children may be permitted to play with it—and it will even become enamored of their attention. It is true it has a homely look—a repulsive even; but then its eye is all the brighter for that. Let it hop round then—and with the skunks, and the bats, and the night hawks, prey upon the insects. May it never be trod upon, but multiply and replenish the night. Instruct the boys to spare the toad—which the better always will do: so will the girls. During the day it troubles no one with a sight of its ugliness. Only when night hides its deformity does it come forth. In the spring, its trill is the sweetest of childhood sounds.

Keep your blackberry canes down to their proper length, three feet, or a little longer or shorter. The new shoots want clipping, some cutting out when too thick. The laterals also need clipping when thrifty. The more care the more berries.

The Gardener's Monthly has a correspondent who pots his plants in cow-dung. The dung is well rotted and pulverized, and grows the finest of flowers and plants.

Never use spring water for watering plants if you can get others, as it contains no ammonia or carbon. If used, add manure to the water. The cultivation of fruit has a humanizing effect.

The Macoupin Co. (Ill.) Agricultural Society will hold its Fair at Carlinville, on the 3d to the 6th of October.

GRAPE ROT.

ED. RURAL WORLD. In your valuable paper of July 1, you state that my Catawbas are destroyed by the rot, which is incorrect. You meant to say Conrad Eisenmayer, of Summerfield; but the statement is applicable to this locality as well as that. One of my neighbors who believes in sulphuring his vines, did so, under the impression and firm belief that he would save them; but he is now convinced that the rot cannot be prevented by that process—which statement I made last winter before the Horticultural Society of your State.—Not only the berries rot off, even the stem is affected.

I have a more radical cure for Catawba rot, which I will give you. I take a grubbing hoe, dig them up and burn them, which I did last fall, and cross-layered Virginia Seedling and Concord vines I had in adjoining rows, in their places; and I now have half a crop of fine healthy grapes. Another cure is, to saw them off and graft the stock with Delaware, whereby a large yield of fine grapes can be obtained the second year. Some of my neighbors have such a sleight at grafting, that they can get about one-half to grow and do well. Vines raised from such layers are considered far superior to original vines. Indeed, I will not plant any others.

Those Taylor Bullitt vines I bought from you last year, are growing finely. They bear early, and if pruned long on the laterals, can, in my opinion, be made to bear very prolific. The berries are all sound as yet and promise a fine harvest.

For this locality (and I use that word, for the people in general should begin to learn that nearly every locality requires different vines and different culture), Virginia Seedling, Clinton and Herbemont, stand at the head; next Concord and Hartford Prolific. Of the forty or fifty other varieties cultivated by me and my neighbors, I will hereafter speak when I know more about them.

The Leaf Folder has made its appearance within the last three or four days; but I think it will not injure the vines; it is more attached to the Catawba than other vines.—The fire-blight struck my brother's vines and evergreens in his door-yard, and nearly ruined everything on the second day of July, while mine, not a quarter of a mile off, are not in the least affected. Can any one explain so strange a phenomenon. G. C. EISENMAYER.

Mascoutah, Ill., July 7.

FRUIT, &C., IN KENTUCKY.

N. J. COLMAN, Esq.—Dear Sir: I notice from reports of the Cincinnati Horticultural Society, that grapes have rotted badly there, and the principal grape growers seem to be greatly discouraged. About the same reports come from a number of other points. Here in Kentucky, the frost nearly killed the vines in a number of vineyards. I was through some vineyards in the vicinity of Lexington, and, if fire had swept through them, it would not have more completely destroyed the leaves and young grapes.—The frost did not injure my vineyards, but the Catawba grapes especially have rotted until there is not one-fourth of a crop.

Apples and peaches have fallen off from cold weather, and from being stung, until there are but few trees that have any fruit in this section so far as I can learn. We will not have sufficient fruit for home use from nearly 2000 trees.

Wheat is nearly a failure in this county; numbers of crops have not been harvested. One of my old neighbors did not cut a bundle from over a hundred acres.

Corn and meadows looking well. Oats good. But to return to the grapes: The Catawbas have rotted worst. I see but few rotten berries on the Delaware or Taylor. Norton's Virginia is more defective than I ever saw it. In fact all are more or less defective.

I regret to see the conclusion that the grape growers of Cincinnati have come to in regard to the profits of grape growing. As Cincinnati has been regarded the pioneer in that enterprise, such opinions will discourage new beginners, and tend to keep others from making a trial of the business. I am satisfied that in some parts of our favored country it will pay.

C. MORAN.

Big Hill, Madison Co. Ky., July 7.



[Written for Colman's Rural World.]

A Dream of the Old Homestead.

I see it all again: The little brook—
It whispers yet; the rustic bridge has still
Its hum as the wagon creaked; and yet
Another brook: each loved its way; each had
Its gurgle, prating in that time—that time
When it seemed always light, and light new-born.
There is a field—a clover field—that blooms;
It blooms where once it rarely bloomed. The heads
Are leaning, all so lovingly, so close,
In one united brotherhood. And here
The odor lived, the dew, and the great flush,
Alive with humming sounds. The humble-bee
Is still the dear old creature of that day,
Busy, unnoticing, and dark like knight
In armor. In this soft field would I lay
Me down, and rest, beneath the childhood's sky.
And then upon the upland—ah, what sight!
What breezes there!—seeming to come from some
Great western sea. The flag is here, in bloom;
So pear the sky; so blue, it seems its own;
And such a softening wave—so delicate—
So strange, as if an interloper here,
Where honest corn and clover grew.
This air,
This upland air, is distant. Love and life
Are in the valley.

Shall I still prolong
My stay, and visit every nook and object?
They all claim notice, humble as they are
(So confident!)—each tree, each rock, each knoll,
Once playmate of our earlier, younger selves,
When we were not what we are now, and yet
The same, guarded through all life's checkered scene.
They still, still point and bare them to the sky—
Their childhood's sky, as well as little the rocks
Grow old, gray even in youth, and pointing back
To ages long since old. Now lie they bare
To heaven; not monuments of ages lost,
But household members of a nearer time,
Whose once strong circle's rent, while I alone
Am left, companion of these aged friends,
Musing, but not among them—far away,
As if they all had gone, and all forgot.
But still, in this my wandering, I retain
The picture of my youth—each rock, each tree,
And all the many undulating knolls.
The graves of buried loves, the purling brook,
Which still will sing, as if the world were new
With boyhood on its banks. But other life
Succeeds, and other boyhood on its banks,
To be dethroned again. Yet still the brook
Will warble; still the sky will smile, to see
Itself repeated; other faces there
Will beam; strange voices sound; but each in turn,
A multitudinous company, will bear
His youth away, and mourn, as I, his loss. [F.G.]

[Written for Colman's Rural World.]

GRIEF.

Yonder, just across the road, is seen a group
Of roses in the yard. The yard is shaven. And
here a rather pale maiden is seen now and
then among the rose-bushes, lifting them up
and examining the roses. You can see at a
glance that she is the genius of the place—the
nymph who attends here. Not that she culti-
vates these flowers; she only attends them;
prunes their too luxuriant branches, and gives
them a chance with the sun. Some, however,
are in the shade, of lilacs and other bushes, as
for instance, the peony, which has very large
blooms, darker and richer for the shade.
It is June, the early—and this yard, so
closely shaven, reminds you of a hay harvest.
There must also be scents to that effect which
this genius of the place must enjoy. The yard
is a little rising toward the house, and the roses
are perched on the elevation along the build-
ing. The building is of stone—rough, hard
granite. At the foot of the knoll is the foun-
tain—a natural water-spout. And here are
ferns bending over the little spring as clear as
crystal—and as cold in summer as ice. But
she, the nymph, heeds it not: she is now busy
with her flowers—roses and peonies—that is all
that I can see. Sometimes, when her face is

turned to the sun, it looks quite white, as if
there was something the matter there in that
rich, blooming yard—and as if she had brought
it there from her room.

But the roses are pleasant—no finer in the
world, in simple, sweet beauty. It seems such
simplicity she likes—such intelligent taste she
has. She is also thin, with a quite small waist
—not pinched. This would detract from the
sense which, in every movement and feature, re-
flects itself. You admire her intelligence, and
you sympathize with her misfortune, whatever
that may be—but you guess at that. There is,
however, no certainty. When the sun shines
not, she is sometimes seen without her bonnet.
Then you see the heaviest brown hair you ever
saw—but all so arranged that natural taste
could not have helped but put it there. She
is now stooping to a low flower. Along the
fence, on the north side, are maple saplings,
waving in the breeze, as dark as a shadow,
showing the ground is rich. And the sun is in
these trees, and on the grass and red soil of
the hill whose south side is near by—so near
that you can detect the strawberries that are
large. On the south side of this yard, is the
plain; and, further on, the river running
through it. From the river, trout will some-
times venture up the little rivulet and occupy
the small pool at the fountain—so that the
maiden has trout also. And she seems to
have an eye for these wide-awake glistening
fellows. But I think it is all in honor of the
old fisherman, Isaac Walton, whom she has on
her shelf. Were you to examine this spot
closely, you would think it a wild, unexplored
place; the trout, the wild trout of the forest.
There are white and brown sand pillars in the
pool, little pillars thrown up by the water
welling here and there, but not sufficiently
strong to make a spout. You have to part
the ferns if you wish to see the trout, so lux-
uriant is the vegetation. There is also a tuft of
two of long grasses, like the bushy heads of
neriads—water-grasses—very rank and intrusive.

All these things it is my delight to contem-
plate; and I do it with the sweetest, saddest of
pleasures. This girl I know is pure—I say so
to myself at least; and she finds a little delight
in these attentions which she bestows upon her
yard—a sort of "Maud's garden of roses."

When the rain-drops hang upon the bushes,
glistening in the afternoon sun, she is seen to
look at them, and note their trembling light,
with an eye as bright (brown) as the brightest
jewel. And these drops upon the roses' tears
upon cheeks! She detects this also, but sighs
not over it. She has passed the days of sigh-
ing. But these pure rain-drops please her—they
are so unimpassioned and bright—and the fra-
grance is so sweet of these roses, of which she
now and then plucks one, and holds it a mo-
ment to her face, as if to invigorate her droop-
ing spirits.

The rainbow on that black cloud in the
East, is seen by her. Promise is there; but
she turns away from the arch—and rather
gazes at the sun declining in the West. There
will be a great, brilliant sunset. It is already
bright, as if the atmosphere was a body of
liquid light. This after the shower, when every-
thing is praising the Creator. She, too, is look-
ing, the rose now and then raised to her face,
in thought, perhaps, at what might be, will be,
soon. Such is the heavenly place—so much
reminding one of his birth-days—his young
days (as if she were old)—the days when heav-
en was so near—as now—the same sun, the
same light, the same fields and sky, and the
same hope—she almost ventured to say. But
somehow this light pleased her. She turned
her face a moment to the East—just a moment,
as if for contrast—then gazed upon the splen-
dor of the West again.

She now moves and walks aside as if satisfied.
You can fancy a light in her face, a pleasant
quiet satisfaction. She bends the ferns aside to
see the trout—great, swift fellows, that, how-
ever, frighten her not.
You pity this girl. She has suffered more
than you can think. It is remarkable how
much the sex will endure, especially such
frail ones. She has seen enough, and suffered
enough to bring the strong to the grave; and
she yet survives that spot—and is even quiet,
and almost happy—just as courageous toward

the grave, as toward the disaster which could
not reduce her. She is the heroine—small,
frail girl—of quiet life—and would have been
a real heroine in an emergency. But she knows
it not. She is, she thinks, an unfortunate girl,
biding her time. It is only these forcible rav-
ishing beauties around her, that entertain her.
Else she would be in her room. Nature is try-
ing to win her back. The breeze has a cooling
touch upon her cheek; the sun warms her gelid
veins; and the song of nature inspires her.
Hence she is seen out in the air, unobtrusive,
delicate in form and feeling—perfectly sane, do-
ing her share of the world's duties that devolve
upon her, in her own quiet way.

As if the breath was necessary, she always
has a cup of flowers in her window. This con-
nects her with the world without, and gives her
constant fragrance, when she is not able to find
it in the out door air. For a year this has been
the case. She is now sitting at her window,
raised, with a fresh collection of roses, which
she just gathered. The fishes are by themselves
in all their beauty; the roses nodding as if ask-
ing for the hand that trains them. [F.G.]

This is probably the best poem on the sub-
ject that the language has yet afforded. It is
written by an Englishman, born in Northamp-
tonshire, in 1793. We believe he is living yet.
JULY.

Load is the summer's busy song,
The smallest breeze can find a tongue;
While insects of each tiny size
Grow teasing with their melodies,
Till noon burns with its blistering breath
Around, and day lies still as death.

The busy noise of man and brute
Is on a sudden lost and mute;
Even the brook that leaps along,
Seems weary of its babbling song;
And, so soft its waters creep,
Tired silence sinks in sounder sleep;
The cricket on its banks is dumb;
The very flies forget to hum;
And, save the wagon's rocking round,
The landscape sleeps without a sound;
The breeze is stopped, the lazy bough
Hath not a leaf that danceth now;

The taller grass upon the hill,
And spider's threads, are standing still;
The feathers, dropped from moorhen's wing,
Which to the water's surface cling,
Are steadfast, and as heavy seem
As stones beneath them in the stream;

Hawkweed and groundsel's fanny downs
Unruffled keep their ready crowns;
And in the over-heated air
Not one light thing is floating there,
Save that to the earnest eye
The restless heat seems twittering by.

Noon swoons beneath the heat it made,
And flowers e'en within the shade;
Until the sun slopes in the West,
Like weary traveler, glad to rest,
On pillowed clouds of many hues,
Then Nature's voice its joy renews,

And checkered field and grassy plain
Hum with their summer songs again.
A requiem to the day's decline,
Whose setting sunbeams coolly shine
As welcome to day's feeble powers,
As falling dews to thirsty flowers. [Jno. Clark.]

The poet is the highest as well as the lowest
(humblest) of mortals. He is the poorest, also,
and from necessity, else he is not a true poet,
dreaming out of this bank-note world—and
only where dollars and cents are known—in
the lower heaven of mankind, this side of death.
It is the poet that creates this heaven—the poor,
forsaken, despised poet—the happiest, yet most
miserable of beings.

The flowers are poems: it is well the world
is full of them. So are stars; it is well for the
night. And the earth is blossoming with flow-
ers and gems down deep in its mines and in the
sea. Above is heaven. In the heart of man
is man's bright flower of thought and feeling,
however so wicked he may be.

CLOTHES FOR WARM WEATHER. The coolest
clothing in summer, and therefore to be sought,
is white woolen. Let it be thin, and large, and
snow-white, and it will be cool—the sun will
have no power upon it (as upon black cloth),
and it will absorb moisture from the skin more
readily and retain it—and, most of all, it is a
non-conductor, preventing the heat from with-
out reaching the body.

The last case of indolence is that of a man
named John Hole, who was so lazy that in
writing his name he simply used the letter "H"
and then punched a hole through the paper.

AN ENGLISH POETESS.

A few years ago a prize of fifty pounds was
offered for the best poem on Burns, to be read
at the Centenary celebration of his birthday at
the Crystal Palace in England. The fortunate
poem was written by Isa Craig. It was of little
more than ordinary merit—and in the irregular
measure. But a free hand it was evident was
at the helm, and promised better things. This
promise has been fulfilled. Isa Craig has
written some creditable things. We remember
a poem entitled *The Woodroof*, pleasant and
quaint. The following, we believe, is one of
her latest productions. It is in her more re-
cent style—and different from her prize poem.
Indeed, the style is by itself—suggestive some-
what of Browning. The poem is a tender,
touching thing, peculiar in measure and expres-
sion—and is of the dreamy, mystic kind, allied
to the German.

NEVER TO KNOW.
One within a crimson glow,
Silently sitting;
One without on the fallen snow,
Wearily sitting;
Never to know
That one looked out with yearning sighs,
While one looked in with wistful eyes,
And went unwitting
What came of the one without, that so
Wearily wended?
Under the stars and under the snow
His journey ended;
Never to know
That the answer came to those wistful eyes,
But passed away in those yearning sighs,
With night-winds blended.
What came of the one within, that so
Yearned forth with sighing?
More sad, to my thinking, her fate, the glow
Dreadfully dying;
Never to know
That for a moment her life was nigh,
And she knew it not and it passed her by,
Recall denying
These were two hearts that long ago—
Dreaming and waking—
Each to a poet revealed its woe,
(Waking, breaking);
Never to know
That if each to the other had done but so!
Both had rejoiced in the crimson glow,
And one had not lain 'neath the stars and snow,
Forsaken—forsaking! [ISA CRAIG.]

[Written for Colman's Rural World.]

RESPECT A BOY'S FEELING.

Boys are said to be mischievous—and that is
perhaps the word. But there is much feeling
in a boy; and if that feeling is hurt, it is as
keen as with a man. The man is more matu-
red; but the boy is more tender. We are
reckless, and think it is but a boy; and thus
we are apt not to indulge the desired wish.
Thus the boys are denied often. They will re-
member the slight; so they will remember a
favor; and when we think that the man is but
the same boy enlarged, we ought to respect the
boy more.

One of his tribe just now asked me for my
umbrella—to keep the sun off while he was
walking. It impressed me anything but favor-
ably. This was more favor than was some-
times accorded to a man. The young gentle-
man must have his shade to screen him from
the sun. Impertinent request! At first thought
I hesitated; the boy seemed also somewhat
embarrassed. I did him the favor. He took
the umbrella, held it over him, and walked on
comfortable, grateful. I had made a friend, as
I found out—and had bestowed a real kindness,
which benefitted the boy. It seemed aspiring—
a boy's trick—at first, but it was only in the
seeming. The sun had been hot, and the um-
brella was a real relief—for a boy as well as a
man. Why not? [OBSERVER.]

THE CHRISTIAN'S COMFORT.

The Christian has always this advantage over
others: when sorrow comes, he has something
beyond to look to—some one to rely on. There
is much affliction in the world, and death con-
stantly threatening; but even through all
these, there is the consolation that there is One
omnipotent of all; and that He is a friend.
Think of it, the Creator of all, the God of the
Universe, our friend—and not only that—our
Brother. Now, He, with his strong hand, will
never let us perish; soother would the stars fall
from their orbits.
Here, then, is an anchor. Ah, what a hope!
a comfort through these heavy trials of life.
And death, the grimest of all, is not feared—
feared? It is welcomed, as it admits us to our
Saviour—our heavenly Friend.

MASONIC MATTERS.

SORROW LODGES.

Sorrow Lodges are comparatively new in this country. They are, however, common among our brethren, on the Continent of Europe, and particularly in Germany, where, if they did not originate, they first received their ritualistic form. They are also very common in France, where the ceremonies are likewise conducted according to a prescribed ritual. In the former country they are called "Trauer Logen," and are usually held annually, if occasion requires; while in France they are held at longer intervals, we think decennially, unless some special occasion arises for them. They were first introduced in this country, as a Masonic ritualism, by the Lodge L'Union Française of New York, and were subsequently adopted by the German (Pythagoras) Lodge of that city. The first American lodge in which the ceremony was ever practiced, according to the European ritual, was St. John's Lodge of New York, in 1846. In Massachusetts there has never been, strictly speaking, a "Lodge of Sorrow," though there have been occasional ceremonial lodges in honor of the dead, like the one recently held as above; with one exception, which took place last year in the Chapter of Rose Croix at Lowell, where the ceremonies were conducted in accordance with the prescribed ritual of that sublime and eminently Christian degree, and were as beautiful and impressive as language and ceremonial can make.

When properly conducted, according to the ritual, the ceremonies are all performed in a lodge of Master Masons, opened in due form—the hall being draped in black, interspersed with flowers and evergreens; with a cenotaph and coffin in the centre of the room, suitably dressed and decorated. The services usually begin with a voluntary on the organ, followed by prayer. The Master of a lodge, or some brother appointed for the purpose, then delivers the exordium, or introductory address. A funeral hymn succeeds, and where there is more than one deceased brother to be remembered and honored, the first orator pronounces a short eulogy on his life and character; at the conclusion of which, an appropriate hymn is sung, when a procession is formed, preceded by the Grand Officers, if present, in full regalia, and march three times round the cenotaph, giving the Grand Honors, and the last time going round, depositing the acacia upon the coffin.

The second orator, when there is more than one appointed, then delivers a eulogy on the next oldest deceased brother, and the ceremonies are repeated as before; and so on until the rites have been performed in honor of all the deceased. A hymn and prayer conclude the service.

It has been well said that "Masonry in its ceremonies is an allegory, which few understand, and which is therefore constantly exposed to disfigurement, by those who tamper with its ritual." Every symbol of Masonry discourses to living men of their duties to God, their neighbors, and themselves, but none more eloquent than those which are used when assembled around the grave of a deceased brother, or in the performance of funeral rites in a mourning lodge. It was the ancient custom of the oriental nations to plant trees, shrubs or flowers on the graves of their friends; and this custom was retained by the Hebrews, and has been perpetuated by them, and by Christians and Mahometans, to the present day. In the calendar of those Christian churches which hold to the ceremonies of their primitive times, every day in the year is dedicated to the memory of some holy person or benefactor. Annually their temples are decorated with flowers and evergreens, in memory of the dead. Their cemeteries, whether of ancient or modern date, everywhere unite the symbols of affection and hope with those of decay and immortality. The sculptured stone, the clusters of summer flowers, the grassy mound, the drooping willow, the solemn yew, are but the emblems of unfaltering faith, unfading hope, and undying love, amidst sadness and sorrow. But when we regard the meaning of the mystic symbols used in the funeral rites of our Order, it is very evident that the evergreens alone are the true emblems of immortality. So they have ever been regarded in those lands whence the ancient mysteries have descended to our times. The cypress and the box were consecrated by the Greeks and Romans to Pluto; whose empire was beneath the earth. A sprig of evergreen deposited upon the coffin, or in the grave of a departed brother, is a symbol of our faith in the great doctrine of our mysteries—the immortality of the soul—a doctrine which has descended to us from before the flood, and which has been preserved and propagated by our Fraternity through the civil and religious revolutions of unnumbered empires. Then—

"Deem it not a superstitious rite, though wild and old;
It having with all higher things connection,
Prayers, tears, redeem a world of harsh and cold;
The Future hath its hopes, the Past its deep affection."
[Freemason's Magazine.]

The coin that is most current among mankind is flattery; the only benefit of which is, that by hearing what we are not, we may be instructed in what we ought to be.

Here we have a family of hedgehogs who are seemingly enjoying themselves very much in hunting for insects and looking for the roots and shrubs on which they subsist. If attacked, they quickly roll themselves into balls in such a manner as to present their prickly quills on all sides. These form an excellent method of defence, and many a dog who has attacked these creatures, has retreated with the quills in his mouth, which left a painful remembrance of the affair for many weeks.

The Creator has wisely given to all his creatures some means of defence, to prevent the destruction of the weak by the strong. To some we will find he has given the power of flight, to some the power of eluding an adversary by climbing, to others that of burrowing in the earth, to others again some simple expedient like that of hedgehogs.

[Written for Colman's Rural World.]

SCRAPS.

The greed with which we strive for more, often spoils what we have.

To make up our mind, is a bad way of treating a thing. The thing should make up our mind.

We should never judge till we know all the points necessary to a decision.

The prose-writer, like the poet, must be under inspiration when he writes, but not to the same extent.

Beauty of life is a jewel; beauty of person often tinsel.

The sloven is a slough of despond.

Polliteness put on, is like the clothes you wear—artificial.

Each is happy in his own way.

Our childhood summers seem lifetimes. So writes a friend.

Lovacious.—A great boy representing a rabbit in the moonlight (wrapped up in a horse's hood).

Never condemn a man because he differs with you; you differ as well with him.

Writing.—Possess yourself of your subject, so that you can control it; then play it out to your advantage, which your instinct will direct.

Newton was twice in love, and each time rejected—once in youth, and once at the age of sixty.

It is a universal law that everything is changing, and man with it—and yet we are constantly looking for a steady course of happiness.

We seek for love—of all kinds—because it gratifies. We have our pains generally for our seeking.

When will the world learn that only moderate enjoyment is lasting.

Annoyances but sweeten the good when it comes.

History.—It is not only entertaining, but instructive, to read history. The great difficulty is, to get a true history—such a one as the subject of the history himself knew. Hence, autobiographies are best, if the men who write them are honorable men.

At this season be careful how you eat fruit and vegetables. It is easy to get up a surfeit; to derange the stomach and liver. Wholesome as they are, and palatable, excess is all the more to be guarded against.

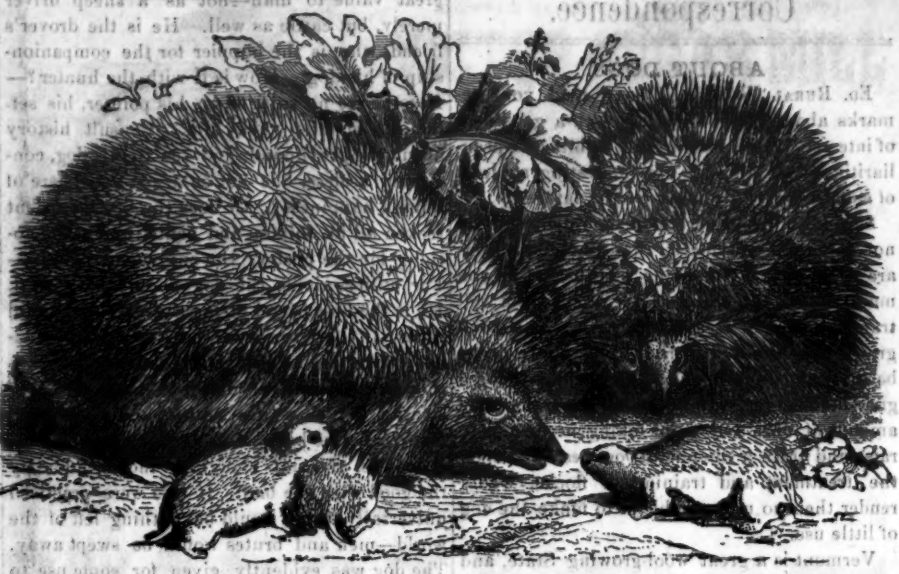
Always use the under side of leaves when applied to a wound, as that alone draws.

Too Many Hoops.—One day a person pointed out a man who had a profusion of rings on his fingers to a cooper. "Ah master," said the artisan, it's a sign of weakness when so many hoops are used.

Pat Finnegan's wife was a vixen, and gave him no peace of his life. One day, after a quarrel, he enlisted as a volunteer. Being accosted by an acquaintance with—"Well, Patrick, they say you're going in for the war." "No, no," said he; "I'm going for peace."

When the Persian poet, Hafiz, was asked by the philosopher Zenda what he was good for, he replied, "Of what use is a flower?" "A flower is good to smell," said the philosopher. "And I am good to smell it," said Hafiz.

THE HEDGEHOG.



DIARRHEA.

This word means, literally, a "running through," and as applied to the human body, in connection with a diseased condition, its expressiveness is easily seen. Whatever a person eats or drinks seems to pass through the system very soon, and with comparatively little change.

Simple diarrhea is the passing from the bowels of a watery, lightish-colored substance, in considerable quantities, at several times during the 24 hours, sometimes with pain; always leaving a sense of weakness, which makes sitting still a deliciousness, as if it would be a happiness to know that there would be no occasion ever to get up again.

If blood is passed instead of a thin, light, colored liquid, it is then Dysentery, or "Bloody Flux," accompanied with a frequent desire to stool, without being able to pass anything, with a sensation so distressing that the Latins called it *Tormina*, literally a "torment." If, on the other hand, the discharges are frequent, imperative and in immense quantities, thin as water almost, and of a lightish color, without any pain whatever; that is genuine cholera—Asiatic cholera. It is quite sufficient for all common, practical purposes, to say that diarrhea, dysentery, and Asiatic cholera are one and the same disease, differing only in intensity. Diarrhea is a watery looseness; dysentery is a bloody looseness; cholera is an immense watery looseness.

In diarrhea there is not much pain, necessarily. In dysentery, there is a great deal of pain inevitably. In cholera, there is never any at all as to the bowels. In diarrhea discharges always succeed inclination. In dysentery, there is a most distressing inclination, with no satisfactory, no relieving discharge.

In cholera, desire is followed by immense and relieving discharges. In all these, there is one never-failing circumstance always and invariably present, and never can be absent, under any conceivable circumstances—it is the quenchless instinct of nature calling for absolute rest, bodily quietude, and without that rest a cure is always impossible, and death an inevitable event.

There is in all these a remorseless thirst. Nature then calls for two things, to satisfy her longings for rest and drink, and if these two things are done with sufficient promptness, there is a perfect cure in nine cases out of ten. Perfect quietude on a bed, and chewing ice, swallowing as large pieces as possible, until the thirst is perfectly satisfied, is all that is necessary in any ordinary attack of either of these three diseases. To make assurance doubly sure, keep the abdomen tightly bound around with two thicknesses of woolen flannel, eating nothing but boiled rice, with boiled milk in ordinary cases; if more violent let the rice be parched black as coffee usually is, then boil and eat it; or what is still more efficient, put a pound or two of flour in a linen bag, boil it two hours in milk, take off the skin, dry it, grate it into boiled milk, and eat it freely, and nothing else, until the disease is checked. If these bowel complaints are checked too promptly with laudanum, paregoric, or opium, fatal convulsions take place in a few hours, as to children, and incurable congestion or inflammation of the brain in grown persons. As bowel diseases are the scourge of all armies in the fall of the year, these suggestions should be widely circulated.

[Hall's Journal of Health.]

A robust countryman meeting a physician, ran to hide behind a wall; being asked the cause, he replied, "It is so long since I have been sick, that I am ashamed to look a physician in the face."

Woman.—The morning star of infancy—the day star of manhood—the evening star of age. Bless our stars!

"When I am a man!" is the poetry of childhood. "When I was a child!" is the poetry of age.

DOMESTIC DEPARTMENT.

BLACKBERRY WINE.—To 1 quart of juice 2 quarts of water and 3 pounds of sugar. The berries to be mashed cold, and the juice expressed and strained. The sugar dissolved in the water and strained. The whole then mixed in kegs and placed in a cool cellar. The bung-hole to be left open till fermentation has nearly ceased; then closed tight and left standing until the ensuing April, when it should be carefully drawn and bottled. [Paris.]

[The various amounts of sugar in the different receipts for the same wine, is a mere matter of taste as to sweetness. The more sugar, the sweeter the wine; the more water, the thinner—also a point in which there is a difference in receipts.]

COFFEE FOR BREAKFAST.—Grind fine, pour on what water is needed, and let stand over-night; then heat to boiling point; but do not boil. Or, grind, and pour on hot water; set for 15 minutes on the stove, but do not boil. Never boil coffee. Keep at the boiling point.

FRIED CAKES.—One cup of sugar; two eggs; four tablespoonfuls of butter; beat them well together; add one cup of buttermilk, one teaspoon of soda; mix soft; spice; etc.

LEMON PIE.—Grate the peel of one lemon till it becomes soft; then squeeze the juice into a cup and fill the cup with water; the yolk of three eggs; two large spoons of flour all beaten together. For the top, beat the whites to a stiff froth; add three large spoons of sugar, and spread it on the pie while hot.

GINGER SNAPS.—One cup of molasses; half cup of sugar; half cup butter; half cup of warm water, the butter melted, with it a small teaspoonful of pearlash, dissolved in the water; one tablespoonful of ginger. The dough should be stiff, knead it; well, roll it into sheets, cut into round cakes, and bake in a moderate oven.

SPIRIT PEACHES.—Put the peaches (cling stones are the best) in a weak brine, to stand a day and night. Boil vinegar with sugar—1 lb. of brown sugar to a gallon of vinegar; spices of all kinds, except ginger and pepper, to be used, sticking the cloves into the peaches. Pour vinegar with spices over the fruit; let it stand for four days, then turn off vinegar and scald them again with the vinegar.

CRYSTALLIZED FRUIT.—Beat the white of an egg to a froth; dip your fruit in it; then roll it in white sifted sugar candy; when quite dry, place the fruit in a stove, to be very slowly dried. Or you may dry your fruit first, then dip in white of an egg and dust with white sugar, or sugar candy, finally drying off.

PICKLED PLUMS.—Seven pounds of plums, four pounds of sugar, one quart of vinegar, one ounce of cloves, one ounce of cinnamon. Boil the vinegar and sugar together, and pour them over the plums three mornings in succession. The fourth morning put them all over the fire to simmer, but not boil. Lay the spices in layers with the plums before the vinegar is poured on.

TOMATO SOUP.—Wash clean twelve or sixteen tomatoes, according to size; put them in a pot with two quarts water and two onions; let them boil tender; rub all through a hair sieve; wash out the pot; turn the liquor back. Wash two-thirds of a cup of small sage, add it to the soup; season with pepper and salt; boil 25 or 30 minutes. Toast a couple of slices of bread; cut them each in small pieces and put them in a tureen. Just before taking up the soup add a small pinch of Cayenne pepper. This will make two and a half quarts of soup.

Vermicelli is also very nice instead of sage. If a soup stock is on hand, it can be used and make a richer soup. It should be as thick as pea soup.

The moderate use of tea, prolongs life.

As mankind are benefitted by each other—

mutual benefit results in individual good.

Christianity requires effort; by nature we are not Christians.

The poor keep the rich, and the rich keep the poor.

There are two great powers of war for the mastery of men—incitation and discipline.

One wards off evil; the other invites it.

Correspondence.

ABOUT DOGS.

ED. RURAL WORLD: I have read your remarks about Shepherd Dogs with a good deal of interest. First, because the habits and peculiarities of all animals are interesting subjects of study—especially to a lover of nature.

Secondly, I had heretofore doubted, and am not yet well convinced, that Shepherd Dogs are such great labor-saving institutions as you maintain. To the sheep drover, no doubt a well trained dog is of great value. Also, one stock grown in a hundred perhaps, not more, may be so situated as to find the shepherd dog a great labor saver. In nearly all cases the same amount of care and pains taking necessary to raise and train a Shepherd Dog, bestowed upon the treatment and training of flocks, would render them so manageable as to make the dog of little use.

Vermont is a great wool-growing State, and very successful, but you will rarely find a Shepherd Dog there—indeed, I doubt whether there is a trained one in the State. To depend upon dogs is a lazy way of saving labor, that Yankees generally do not encourage. It is a popular mode in Mexico and South America.

I am inclined to think that the method I should adopt for training a dog would be much shorter and easier than yours, Mr. Editor. First, I would cut off his tail. As a rule I am opposed to attempts to improve upon nature's style in animals. If I had a horse that did not carry his tail in respectable horse style, I would sell him; but I would not allow any man to abbreviate his caudal appendage, reverse its curve and set it up in the air somewhat in dog style.

With regard to dogs, there is a mode of cutting off their tails which would effect a great saving of labor—a great increase of products and wealth. Dogs have an unfortunate habit of going mad more or less every year. In that state, they bite and destroy large numbers of sheep, cattle, horses, hogs, &c., besides not a few bipeds of the human species.

We are on the subject of labor-saving now, however, and will say no more about the sacrifice of human life—but it would be very interesting and valuable to know the precise amount of property annually destroyed by mad dogs. It would be astonishingly enormous. Just think of the amount which occurred within your knowledge last year.

Labor-saving! Oh, yes, it saves the labor of taking care of a large amount of stock.

Dogs adopt another bad habit—namely chasing, worrying and killing sheep. How often do we hear of whole flocks being driven into the river and drowned by dogs, and of large numbers bitten and killed, sometimes choice breeds of high price.

The loss in this way has been ascertained in Ohio, and amounted in one year to about \$100,000.

Then a greater injury is sustained by the fact that men are deterred by such depredations from engaging in this most important and profitable branch of husbandry—consequently we have to import our wool or woolen goods. A few such labor-saving institutions would ruin any country.

With the immense injury sustained as indicated—it is dangerous to give dogs the credit they may really deserve. Our people think too much of dogs; they are attached to them to their great injury, and "can't see it." If an edict was now passed in Missouri requiring people either to kill their dogs, or deprive their children of all school advantages, I verily believe that the dogs would be perfectly safe and the children might grow up in ignorance.

There is but one sensible mode of cutting off a dog's tail, and that is very close behind the ears. How does Wool Grower like my style?

VERMONT.

[REMARKS: 'Vermont,' evidently, does not like dogs: he is, therefore unreasonably severe. That there are bad dogs—too many of them—is no doubt true. It is so with every branch of the animal kingdom. There are even bad men. Are we then to condemn the whole race on account of the exceptions? This mode of reasoning will not do. There are good dogs; there are serviceable dogs. The Shepherd Dog is of

great value to man—not as a sheep driver merely, but cattle as well. He is the drover's friend, who is the happier for the companionship of his dog. How is it with the hunter? Does he set no value upon his pointer, his setter, his hound? Ask him. Consult history about the greyhound, and see if this dog, considered useless, has not enlarged the sphere of human happiness? Or does the correspondent reckon all in dollars and cents, and allow nothing for the poetry, the enjoyment of life? For utility alone, the dog should be spared. He is the best friend of man of all the animal race. If there are noisy dogs o' nights, prowlers and sheep-killers, and even mad dogs—though comparatively but few—there is a consolation that these are not looked upon with favor. Let us keep a thing for the good that it does us, and not slaughter indiscriminately the good with the bad. If this were practiced universally, there would be nothing left of the world—men and brutes would be swept away. The dog was evidently given for some use to man. Let us then use him. But encourage the best part of him; and lop off the fungus growth. If this is neglected, we must suffer, and ought to. It is our own fault that we permit evil; it is our duty to abate nuisances, and to give direction to what is intrusted into our hands. The dog is one of these things given to us.]

Alton Horticultural Society.

Society met at the residence of David E. Brown, Esq., July 7, '85.
Committee on grapes reported that they had visited and examined the vineyards in the vicinity of Alton; found most of them in bad condition, occasioned by bad management or neglect. The grey rot had materially injured many, while the leaf roller was doing considerable damage and increasing. Vineyards where good sun and air are had by position and wide planting, and where proper care has been given to cultivation and a thorough and early process of pinching, were found free, or almost so, of any mildew and rot, and had splendid exhibitions of fruit.

Flower Committee reported several bouquets received.

Fruit Committee presented the following:
D. E. Brown—Sweet Bough and Early Harvest, both large and fine; Primrose; Carolina Red June, extra; Sops of Wine.

E. Curtis—Apples: Red June, Sops of Wine, Alexander, Red Astrachan, Sweet Bough; Pears, Petit Muscat.

W. L. Johnson—Carolina Red June, Early Harvest.
W. T. Miller—Apples: Primrose, Early Harvest.
Lawton Blackberry.

A. & F. Starr—Early Catharine pear.

E. A. Riehl—St. Louis Raspberry, very hardy and productive, but too soft for market.

S. R. Dolbe—Breda Apricot, Apples: Primrose, Early Harvest, Red Astrachan.

Jonathan Higgins—Nutmeg peach; Dearborn's Seedling pear; Sops of Wine very fine, Carolina Red June, Early Harvest, Keswick Codlin, apples.

Dr. Long—Currants: Cherry, fine White Grapes, Victoria, Red Dutch. Gooseberry Houghton Seedling, ripe and fine. Raspberry, Red Antwerp, Ohio Everbearing, Belle de Fontenay Seedling, large, firm and said to be very productive. Apples: Early Harvest, Red Astrachan, Carolina Red June, Kirkbridge White, Pear, Madeline.

Dr. Hull—Apricot, Moorpark, Breda, all very fine and free from curculio. Pears, Early Jargonelle, valuable for market; Bloodgood, Cherries, English Morello. Lawton blackberry. Early Harvest.

Dr. Long, Chairman.

Committee reported peaches canned by Mrs. David E. Brown, in October 1885. The variety "Lemon Cling," October peach.

Mrs. Brown is very successful in canning fruit, and for the benefit of less fortunate sisters, we append her method:

Gather the fruit before fully ripe, peel and cut in as large pieces as possible; place in a porcelain kettle with a very small portion of water and stew until the fruit will admit a broom straw easily; have the cans on the stove full of hot water; when about to fill the cans, pour out the water, and set them in hot water, this expels the air; fill, seal and let them remain in the water till cool; keep them in a cool and dark place. No sugar is used.

Committee on Wines report the following on exhibition. Of wine strictly speaking there is but one specimen made of Norton's Virginia Seedling, by Michael Poeschell, of Herman, Mo., a fine specimen of what the Committee consider the most profitable variety of wine made in the State. A sample of wild grape wine, made by D. E. Brown, Esq., several years old, made by adding sugar to juice of wild grape, very clear, a well made and palatable drink.

Samples of Currant Wine by Messrs. W. T. Miller and S. R. Dolbe, similar to that examined at June meeting. A bottle of Raspberry Syrup made by E. A. Riehl, very rich, and preserving the Raspberry flavor in a remarkable degree, to be used by mixing with water and in this way affording a delicious beverage, very valuable in a sick room.

Two bottles of Cider by F. H. Curtis, bottled and bottled hot; and also common cider from the barrel. These, either alone or mixed, afford a pleasant drink and one that every farmer can have, the year round, at a small expense and trouble.

Respectfully submitted, Jno. M. Pearson.

We learn from the members that the apple crop generally will be small. Cherries paid well when carefully grown.

After a bountiful dinner being served, and a social interval enjoyed by all present, the Society proceeded to business.

Committee on Investigation reported Mr. Brown's

farm generally in good order. He has a fine apple orchard, a very large number of peach trees, pears, cherries and small fruits, besides some 500 grape vines, some of the vines having a good crop of fine grapes. Mr. Brown has a very beautiful farm, most pleasantly situated, and will be made one of the most profitable in the country.

Next meeting to be held on the first Thursday in August, at Dr. E. S. Hull's residence.
H. G. McPike.

TRAINING SQUASHES.

Squashes do best on new land. All the summer varieties have a hard shell when matured. The crook-necks, and the white and the yellow summer scolloped are the usual varieties grown. Different varieties should be planted far apart, as they mix very easily. Two or three plants are enough for a bill. The best protection from bugs is the box covered with gauze or glass. Squashes occupy a great deal of ground when suffered to run and have their own way. When a person has but little room, and wishes to economize, a trellis for them to run upon is recommended, and is said to operate very successfully. Stakes or small posts are set up, two feet apart each way, and the seed planted in the centre. When the vines begin to run, they are trained upon slats nailed to the posts, and by throwing boards across the slats the fruit is supported, and will ripen much earlier than when allowed to lie on the ground half covered with leaves.

Squashes trained in this way can be made to occupy but little space, and are said to bear as profusely as when the vines run over the ground. To those who have but little room, the plan is well worthy trying. For late varieties, the best are the Hubbard, Boston Marrow, Acorn and Vegetable Marrow. The Valparaiso is a tolerably fair variety when the season is just right. Immense squashes sometimes grown are rather for the sight than the table. They are coarse, meaty and watery, compared with the little curly Hubbard, which is mealy, and as delicately flavored as the sweet potato. As squashes are great runners, they do better with their ends clipped off.—[Utica Herald.]

PURE WHITE FACE BLACK SPANISH FOWLS.

For sale at \$5 per pair; \$7 per trio. E. A. RIEHL, Alton, Ill.

BAROMETERS & THERMOMETERS.

I wish to announce to my friends and the readers of the "World" in particular, that I have just received a lot of the above-named instruments. A barometer is an indispensable article in every household, especially to the farmer, as it indicates the exact change in weather—and if he only knew the usefulness of the instrument, he would not hesitate to pay a small sum for an article that will save hundreds of dollars.

Price, from \$10 to \$25. No. 114 Market St., 1y30 JACOB BLATTNER, OPTICIAN.

R. S. King. B. M. Million.

KING & MILLION,

Agents for the sale of

Missouri and Illinois Lands,

No. 39 Pine st., first door east of Third, St. Louis, Mo.

Will attend to the

Payment of Taxes for Non-resident Land Owners.

Commission Reasonable.

For sale—MISSOURI & ILLINOIS LAND, improved and unimproved, in quantities to suit purchasers.

American Horticultural Register.

The undersigned having been engaged to prepare and publish a Catalogue of American Nurserymen, Horticultural Dealers and Agents and Fruit Growers, desires to procure—

I. Of nurserymen throughout the United States—the name, post-office, county, state, acres in nursery, sale stock for 1885-6, viz: Number of apple, pear, peach, cherry, plum, apricot, nectarine and quince trees; grapevines, currant, gooseberry, raspberry, blackberry and strawberry plants; stocks-apple, cherry, pear and quince; deciduous trees, evergreen trees, deciduous shrubs, evergreen shrubs, vines, creepers, roses, perennial flowers.

II. Of dealers and agents—name, post-office, county, state; names of nurserymen for whom acting; extent of territory, furnished or canvassed—nurserymen are requested to furnish this information of all their authorized agents.

III. Of fruit growers—name, post-office, county, state, acres planted, number of trees, vines and bushes, of apple, pear, peach, cherry, plum, apricot, nectarine, quince, grape, currant, gooseberry, blackberry, raspberry and strawberry.

IV. Of fruit dealers—name, post-office, county and state.

Persons sending the above information, with a 3 cent stamp for return postage, previous to Aug. 15, will receive a copy of the Register free of charge.

Early, prompt and correct information is urged, and will make this a valuable book of reference to buyer and seller.

W. C. FLAGG,

Secretary Illinois State Horticultural Society,

June 15, 1885. [y31] Alton, Ill.

IMPORTANT TO WHEAT GROWERS.

A new and very choice variety of

WHITE WHEAT.

As early and as hardy as any Red Wheat, and yields at least ONE-THIRD more to the acre.

For sale by F. BISSELL, Toledo, O., and by the subscribers in this city and elsewhere.

For sample of Wheat and further information, send 6 cents in stamps to

T. J. & J. T. SHELDON,

July, 1885. [au31] Cleveland, O.

CANARY BIRDS.

For sale—Singers \$4 each; \$5 for male and female. or the whole stock, consisting of 15 to 20 birds, for \$30. Address or call on the printer of the Rural World.

200,000 Apple Seedlings.

I have a choice lot of apple seedlings, healthy, thrifty and of fine length, as they have been grown in good, rich land, prepared by sub-soiling to the depth of 20 inches. They are preferable to seedlings grown at the North, as they have not been injured by severe freezing. Those wanting seedlings would do well to give us a call.

NORMAN J. COLMAN,

St. Louis, July 1, 1885.

Pear and Peach Buds.

We have a large and choice lot of Pear and Peach trees, all carefully labelled, which have made a fine growth the present season, and from which we can supply a large lot of buds at budding time. They will be carefully packed in moss, so as to be sent safely to any part of the West. Price, \$3.00 per 1000 buds.

NORMAN J. COLMAN,

St. Louis, July 1, 1885.

COMMERCIAL.

ST. LOUIS WHOLESALE MARKET.

ST. LOUIS, July 25.

COTTON—The market opened this morning with a good deal of spirit and the larger portion of the reported sales were made early in the day on a basis of about 41c for middling, and 42 to 43c for strict middling. In the afternoon advices from New York were received quoting middling at 47c and dull, which caused the market to close heavy at anything over 40c for middling.

HEMP—The market continues firm, but to-day's reported business seems to have been confined almost entirely to dressed hemp, of which sales were made of 20 bales dressed at \$210; 60 bales do at \$220; 25 bales do at same; 98 bales do at \$222 50; 100 bales at \$225; 20 bales do at same; and 34 bales choice undressed at \$150 per ton; also, 30 bales uncovered baled tow at \$130 per ton.

TOBACCO—Sales of 9 hds green lugs at from \$4 10 to \$5 30; 16 hds factory do at from \$5 40 to \$6 20; 18 hds factory do at from \$6 60 to \$8 50; 16 hds common shipping leaf at from \$9 to 12 75; 16 hds medium do at from \$13 to 15 25; 7 hds common manufacturing leaf at from \$15 50 to 22 25; 4 hds medium do at from \$26 25 to 36 25; 1 hhd good at \$41; 1 hhd fine do at \$75 50; and 12 boxes at from \$3 to 6 50 per 100 lbs.

FLOUR—Sales were 60 bbls spring super and 80 bbls low fall do at \$6; 110 bbls spring super, delivered at \$5 75; 22 bbls fall super at \$6 25; 6 30 and 6 55, delivered; 366 bbls good super at \$6 50; 222 bbls spring extra at \$7 10 in store, and \$6 75, delivered; 50 bbls single extra at \$7; 65 bbls do do at \$7 10; 500 bbls do city at \$7 20; 100 sacks do at \$3 50; 75 sacks super at \$3 25; 100 sacks double extra at \$4 25, and 500 sacks do do at \$4 10, delivered; 181 bbls double extra, inspected, at \$7 60; 100 bbls double extra at \$9; 55 bbls city do do at \$10 25; and 31 bbls double at \$11 per bbl.

WHEAT—Market for lower grades dull, but for choice qualities, the market was firm. Sales 171 sks at \$1 20 and 1 22; 540 sks club at \$1 25; 379 sks inferior and damaged fall at \$1 35 to 1 40; 654 sks good fall at \$1 55 to 1 65; 425 sks prime at \$1 70 to 1 75; 411 sks choice at \$1 85; 100 and 37 sks do at \$1 90 per bushel.

CORN—Sales 500 sks rejected at 50c; 325 mixed and yellow at 78 and 79c; 4,487 sks mixed and yellow at 80c; 200 sks prime yellow at 81c; 1,275 sks white at 85c; 1,091 sks white at 86c per bushel, delivered.

OATS—Sales of 143 sacks rejected at 56c; 180 sks at 57c; 575 sks at 57c; 265 sks at 58c; 475 sks at 59c; and 225 sks at 60c per bushel.

RYE—Market higher with sale of 35 sks at 65c per bushel.

HAY—Market firmer with sale of 50 bales light pressed timothy at \$20 per ton.

POTATOES—Sale of 40 bbls new at \$2 80 per bbl—a decline.

HIDES—Market steady at 12c per lb for flint.

WOOL—The market continues very firm. Sales 10 sacks picked tub washed at 63c; 10 sacks tub washed at 62c; 2 sacks do at 60c; 10 do do at 60c; 3 do do at 58c; 1 do hairy at 40c; 1,400 fleeces full-blood merino, unwashed, at 38c, and 13 sacks native, unwashed, at 35c per lb.

ST. LOUIS LIVE STOCK MARKET.

CATTLE—The supply is fully equal to the demand, which is inactive and prices lower for common cattle, which are only taken in small lots for city consumption.

Broadway Yard sales:

20 head cattle weighing 13,560 lbs. at 42c

5 " " " 5,025 " at 52c

100 head taken for the present for fair to good, weighing 110,715 lbs. at 61c

8 head taken for the present for fair to good, weighing 6,370 lbs. at 32c

35 head taken for the present for fair to good, weighing 28,370 lbs. at 66c

50 head taken for the present for ordinary steers, weighing 41,650 lbs. at 4c

40 head taken for the present for ordinary steers, weighing 36,390 lbs. at 4 55c

36 head taken for the present for ordinary steers, weighing 33,470 lbs. at 4 55c

34 head taken for the present for extra shipping, weighing 41,010 lbs. at 7c

HOGS—Sales of

30 head, weighing 3,000 lbs. at 10c

12 head, weighing 1,970 lbs. at 10c

56 head in small lots at 9c to 10c

SHEEP—Sales of

86 head at \$4 10 head

80 head at \$4 10 head

76 head at \$3 90 head

100 head lambs at \$3 head

MILCH COWS—Demand fair—\$25 to \$40—extra at \$60 to \$65.

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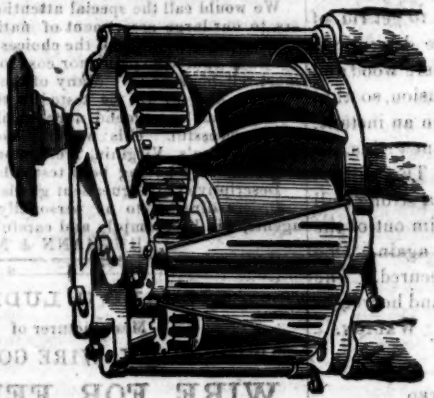
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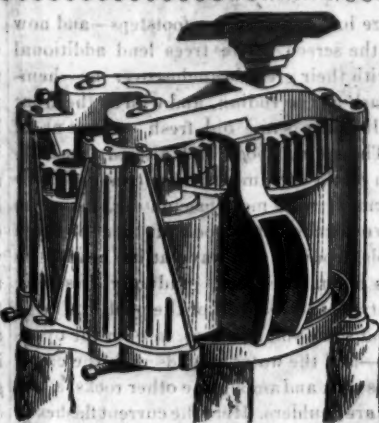
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St. Louis, Mo., May, 1865.

PLANT & BRO.

[Written for Colman's Rural World.]

Trout in the Ottaguano.

There is a brook running through the village, of size enough to feed a saw mill with its small pond; and it is so clear that you wonder it can retain its purity through such a long stretch of field and dusty road. It is the admiration of all eyes, the herds as well as man. The Secretary of State (Seward) in once passing through the village on his way to the railroad, eight miles distant, asked if the brook kept parallel with the road all the way. It was in a drouth, and weary eyes wanted to rest upon the cooling waters.

This brook, in the midst of a civilized country, is still a trout brook. It can scarcely be otherwise, so perfect are its waters, and so fine its gulf, shaded by trees at its head-waters, where it comes bodily out of the mountain. This gulf is so abrupt, and so intricate, that the original forest on its sides cannot be removed, so that the trout are protected. And here is scenery—such as is visited only by the adventurous—and those anglers of the true Walton stripe. And here are trout—but a few, and those large—for the brook (here) is celebrated for its pools, dark-green, with white rapids, sometimes the current running still and spread over a bed of moss, so pure (the moss also) that the stream is transparent, as if nature had purified it in her laboratory of the mountain. It is the scenery that "pays," the trout-fishing is the incident.

It is here I now and then take a stroll, at my leisure. The distance is several miles from the village, not a trout all the way till within half a mile of its source, and where the gulf commences. And few fish are found in its waters (none where the trout are), and these chubs and daces of a small size. The water seems not natural for other fish. So cold at its fount, and so large, it still retains, even in midsummer, something of its cooling nature. It is cold all through the gulf. It is of course, therefore, the place for trout, and by way of eminence, the "home of the trout." Efforts have been made by pet-hunters to extinguish the fish. Nets, lime, cockle—all means have been resorted to to clean out the fish. But in vain. The rocky channel, with great crevices and hollows, is a covert and safe protection to the trout, who doubtless thinks himself still in his ancient haunt, maugre the attempts of civilized man (once the savage) to destroy him; and so he is. There are his original woods darkening his current; there is the same limestone bed; the same full, bright flood. And here I find him, even now, the king of the brook, the fierce tyrant, than ever—for he is larger, more singled. But, the coolest, finest art, is required to take him—to take a single one in a day—a brace would be an epoch, for he weighs a pound—sometimes up to two pounds—but that is "once in a century," as Lowell says of the appearance of a great man.

In making my visits, I select my own weather and time. Unless these are favorable, a day's fishing results in nothing—it matters not how scientific or close the practice—the fat, lazy, shrewd "varmint" lie staring at you, or out of sight, the latter generally, and all temptations are simply ineffectual. Catch one in thin water unexpectedly, and a current will rise up and splash as he darts back for his pool, frightened almost out of his wits, yourself frightened fully as much—and, "what a trout has escaped!"

It is a hot day—the forenoon is hot—and it is June. The slight breeze fluttering across the fresh green herbage and quick-growing leaves, bringing the sound of the brook and of distant water-falls, is irresistible, and yet the brook is too clear, though just full enough—it is always full enough. No need to wait for hazy sky or south wind—that will do for lakes and ponds. Here, in this primitive gulf, the trees are the haze, and the "ripples" is the motion and tumble of the water. Infinite is this motion; difficult, dangerous the passage, and ever there is a stir in the branches—long, sweeping arms, extending over the current. Cool here, though never so warm in the world without.

The gulf is reached, and it is afternoon. The angler's haze has spread over the sky, adding a twilight to the gulf current, seen all the more distinctly by the subdued white light.

This haze has hastened my footsteps—and now I am in the screen. The trees lend additional shade with their great branches over me—hemlocks, dark as the Indian, and wild as the trout itself. It is the same old fresh current as of yore. The spring floods had altered but little the form of the stream—the few changes (new pools formed) were most fascinating, however.

I have touched the brook at one of these new pools, troubled and wavy at its head. Its depth is about three feet, gradually lessening for twenty feet to the tail of the pool. A large rock, and some smaller ones, are on the opposite side—and the water extends with the crevices of the rock and among the other rocks, a few of which are boulders. Here the current flashes in some places, and in others gathers a thick foam. This foam is a snowy white, and the current is a deep green. I remember, years ago, this same pool was here, presenting exactly the appearance it does now, and then there was no trout-hole along the creek equal to it. This pleased of course, to have the past return. And are the same trout here? No. And yet that is not impossible. So far as the time is concerned it may be. There may be, and doubtless are, one or two of the old trout left. But they used to be difficult to take. Are they shy still?

Ah! that was most sudden, most fascinating! A dart at a fly—and a splash, with a thug and a long, that sent the waters reeling. The fierce inhabitant is at play—the haze has brought him out, or rather, some insect. We will now see what another insect will do.

The tackle is all disengaged and straightened out, the rod, a slim black, very limber, with whalebone tip, made expressly for this brook—and it has done execution for many years. A stout silken cord, too thin for most fishermen, with a still lighter gut holding the fly, is ready to be cast. The old place, near the head of the pool, is selected for the standing-point. How it brings back the olden time—the very set of the foot, and the involuntary look for a clean sweep—overhead. The rod is raised—and with a short motion, the fly is on its way. Too light, and all unwet, with a slight—the slightest breeze—to oppose it, the fly is about to fall short. So preventing a contact with the water, I draw it back again—and in an instant it is steadily, lightly on its way again—this time dropping gently on the foam. There it sits like "a thing of life." I give it a slight twitch; it sinks lower; still lower; but it will not do. I raise it—but just then, another tremendous splash a few feet above. Immediately I drop the fly, soft as a flake, on the spot. But no rise. A repetition—no rise. This is a disappointment. Now the foam is tried again. This time the fly finds its way down to the water. Instantly a pull; the pull repeated, now swift and straight for the rocks, and under—but hold! not too fast, my fierce, my old inhabitant. The rod bends at once to a full strain, and the line straightens taut as a violin cord. There is writhing, and aching of the line, as the fish, thwarted in his escape to the rocks, is attempting to make his way up the stream—but he is held by an "entangling alliance," not agreeable. No insect this time—merciless despot! But he is a knight of the truest order. Already he has shown his side in his attempt to relieve himself. The silk will not yield, though invisible; the steel is true to its hold; the beard—no master of the art could excel it—for the best of masters gave it its shape.

He is determined to reach the rocks, and smash the tackle. There is a counter-determination at the other end of the rod. He struggles; now desperately—now less violently, yielding gradually to the rod—and now a plunge, (as if to break the reins) and a pull, which is continued. So desperate was the plunge, and so persistent the strain, he has reached the rocks, enters the cleft—and would have carried all before him, had not the current, issuing from within, aided the steel. The sore strain makes him yield—but so slightly, it seems dubious—for he struggles still, and intently, desperately, as if at all hazards to keep his advantage. But the never-yielding strain of the cord is too much—and slowly and despairingly he yields. A few ineffectual attempts as he nears the shore, and the broad side, glittering with diamonds and rubies, lies passive on the shore. His weight is one pound three ounces.

Again the foam is tried—but to no purpose: another pool, with similar effect; and so along from pool to pool, with not a rise. The "rapids" are gained at last, where trout are always lurking, and large venturesome fellows are trying to scale the steps where the water comes rushing down; but all to no purpose; they have to abide in the pool below. And here is the angler's paradise—in this amphitheater, washed out by the waters of centuries, leaving rocks like buildings tumbled in the utmost confusion, the breeze shunting down among them, and through the great broad circular gap, bringing coolness on its wings and the smell of the ground ivy that covers the rocks. Here it is delightful to be; and here it is pleasant to fish. Many a day have I loitered here, trying my art on the fish, but without success.

It is near mid-noon. The rapids are fresh and vigorous, the pool a deep-green, flashing with foam, and dancing with ripples. The fly is tried, in all its variety, to no purpose. Then the ground-bait. Last of all, a small spoon, made for the occasion. At the first cast it is taken, and most vigorously—so much so, the tackle seems of no consequence. The bend of the rod has no effect. This seems the largest trout in the pool. He has simply his own way. I reel and draw upon him, but must be careful or he will cut loose, for the hook is small and sharp. He enters where he pleases, and strikes the tackle. Thus far, and for a long time, he has tried in vain. Now and then he ventures to the tail of the pool; at last he passes it. The tackle, and he that holds it, follow with all speed. But there is a fair field and good sailing. This is continued, as if a determined effort were made by the fish to get rid of the annoyance. Swifter and more determined is the movement, nearing a rift, where wood and rocks are thrown together in confusion, so that the stoutest tackle would be rent in an instant, and the fish freed. As if he knew this, he moves on—on—on—persistently. This will not do; and so, at the next shallows, a strong pull is made upon him, which curves him out of the water—but as quick he gets back again. One more desperate pull, and he is secured. The hook is fastened in his shoulder; and he weighs—
one pound.
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